

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

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OBJECTS OF THE LONDON JOURNAL.

MONTAIGNE says, that he delights to ring the word "pleasure" in the ears of philosophers who affect to despise it, and who are as fond of it as any men, after their fashion. Since the setting up of this cheerful and most Christian journal, we have known but two instances of objection to it; and to these we answer, that the very grounds of their objection are those which have procured us two hundred approbations. One of these objections was in a criticism, begging us not to "affect" so much sentiment (as if, because the *writer* would have "affected" so much, had he shewn it, that therefore *we* did);—the other implied that we were invariably too pleased, and with not enough reason,—that we fetched our satisfaction out of too many common things, and did not succeed after all. For the success, we can luckily refer to other readers: and as to the rest, it was our plan and system, and forms the very essence, utility, and prosperity of our journal. Our object was to put more sunshine into the feelings of our countrymen, more good will and good humour, a greater *habitus* of being pleased with one another and with everything, and therefore a greater power of dispensing with uneasy sources of satisfaction. We wished to create one corner and field of periodical literature, in which men might be sure of hope and cheerfulness, and of the cultivation of peaceful and flowery thoughts, without the accompaniment of anything inconsistent with them; we knew that there was a desire at the bottom of every human heart to retain a faith in such thoughts, and to see others believe in the religion and recommend it; and heartily have anxious as well as happy readers in this green and beautiful England responded to our belief. We condemn no other publication, conducted honestly, on different principles. There is a noble as well as ignoble warfare, and the time for either, for aught we know, may not have gone by. We condemn none of the mysterious struggles of humanity, even the most passionate, some of them perhaps nobler and more necessary than our ceasing to struggle in that sort; on the contrary, in "sympathizing with all," how can we leave them out? But, as far as our own system of action goes, we may be allowed to cultivate a variety of endeavour, if it be only as a variety, and to confine ourselves to the hope of winning and persuading. There are green fields in the world, as well as fields of battle; and in making a grove, or a park, or other domestic elysium, people do not contemplate the introduction in it of fight and contest and sour speeches. A man may say if he pleases, "I cannot live in your peaceful grounds, with their trees and sunshine, where all which is alive is happy or comforted, and the tragedies are nothing but old stories: I must go and get up a sensation at the police office, or the hospital, or the butcher's, or read a lampoon, or some writing worse than my own, or get up a superiority to somebody somehow, in order to keep myself in heart with myself." Let him go. Nay, we will go with him, provided he will let us find things to be a little better than he takes them for, even himself; for the reader will bear us witness that we avoid no places for their homeliness, and can vindicate the supposed "weed" as well as the accepted flower. But it does not follow that our ground is not a good ground, for all this; or that people have not reason to like it; especially as they are apt to have troubles enough elsewhere, and all but the very restless or

thoughtless like to have some sequestered spot to repose in,—personally, if they can get it,—mentally, if they have not wealth or leisure enough, or a green neighbourhood. The *London Journal* is a sort of park for rich and poor, for the reflecting and well-intentioned of all sorts; where every one can be alone, or in company, as he thinks fit, and see, with his mind's eye, a succession of Elysian sights, ancient and modern, and as many familiar objects to boot, or hear nothing but birds and waterfalls, or the comforted beatings of his own heart,—all effected for him by no greater magician than Good Faith and a little reading. Good Faith is his host, and Reading the page that brings books to his host; and Love has ordained, that Good Faith, and a little reading, shall be able to do such wonders for us, as reading's biggest brothers with no faith at all, shall have no notion of. Children and men co-exist in the world; and the child and the man must co-exist in the little world of man's individuality, in order that he may see at once manfully and with delight. "Except ye become as little children," &c. We would not lightly apply so great a text; but the greatness of the text includes every degree of loving applicability; and as there is nothing in the world which is not supernatural in one sense,—as the very world of fashion itself rolls round with the stars, and is a part of the mystery and the variety of the shews of the universe,—so nothing, in a contemptuous sense, is small, or unworthy of a grave and calm hope, which tends to popularize Christian refinement, and to mix it up with every species of social intercourse, as a good realized, and not merely as an abstraction preached. What! Have not philosophy and christianity long since met, in the embrace of such loving discoveries? And do not the least and most trivial things, provided they have an earnest and cheerful good will, partake of some right of greatness, and the privilege to be honoured? If not with admiration of their wisdom, yet with acknowledgment of the joy which is the end of wisdom, and which it is the privilege of a loving sincerity to reach by a short road. Hence we have had two objections, and two hundred encouragements; and excellent writers of all sorts, and of all other shades of belief, have hastened to say to us, "Preach that, and prosper." Have not the *Times*, and the *Examiner*, and the *Atlas*, and the *Albion*, and the *True Sun*, and twenty other newspapers, hailed us for the very sunniness of our religion? Does not that old and judicious Whig, the *Scotsman*, waive his deliberate manner in our favour, and "cordially" wish us success for it? Does not the radical *Glasgow Argus*, in an eloquent article, "fresh and glowing" as his good will, expressly recommend us for its pervading all we write upon, tears included? And the rich-writing Tory, Christopher North, instead of objecting to the entireness of our sunshine, and requiring a cloud in it, does he not welcome it, aye, every week, as it strikes on his breakfast-cloth, and speak of it in a burst of bright-heartedness, as "dazzling the snow?"

Of a truth, it would not be difficult for us, old soldiers as we are, and accustomed to rougher labours in former times, to summon up a little of our old battle-grip, and lay a young gentleman or so double on the green sward, after the fashion of Entellus or Abraham Cann. Easily could we take him in hand, and lift him off his ground, and lock up his meditated "fibbing," and so trussing head and heels together, make a soft present of him to his mother

earth. But *cui bono*? Where would be the good of it, even to himself? And why hurt the better use of his faculties, which we hope he will turn to handsomer account? Has not every man and every cause, in this imperfect state of things, a side on which he or it may be assailed, so far as to make him ridiculous (if there is the wit to do it) or uncomfortable, or to vex or injure him in some way or other? And shall we violate our principles, even out of resentment, and join in keeping up so old a story, and (as it appears to us) so useless a ground of re-action,—helping to sow new hostilities by very reason of our objecting to old? Not we. We are willing to be differed with to whatever honest extreme, and to answer, as well as we can, all objections, which we have no reason to believe disingenuous; but nothing but a matter of life and death to our Journal shall induce us to be hostile with anybody; and after these announcements, coupled with the hazards of all sorts which we have encountered in old times, we think it will be held something a little worse than superfluous to assail us after a hostile fashion. We are at peace with all; and as we seek the common good, and sail under white banners, we gladly receive the encouragement, and feel ourselves under the protection, of all who honestly pursue it, even by rougher means. It is not of endeavourers such as we are, without arms, insulting nobody, and offending no public manners, that generous warriors will make an exception to their letters of license.

Still blow then, ye fair winds, and keep open upon us, ye blue heavens,—or rather, still shine in the whiteness of thy intention, thou fair flag, even against the blackest cloud, and still hail us as ye go, all gallant brother voyagers, and encourage us to pursue the kindly task which Love and Adversity have taught us, touching at all curious shores of reality and romance, endeavouring to make them know and love one another, to learn what is good against the roughest elements, or how the suffering that cannot be remedied may be best endured, to bring news of hope and joy and exaltation from the wings of the morning and the uttermost parts of the sea, making familiar companions, but not the less revered on that account, of the least things on earth and the greatest things apart from it,—of the dust and the globe, and the divided moon, of sun and stars, and the loneliest meetings of man's thought with immensity, which is not too large for his heart, though it be for his knowledge, because knowledge is but man's knowledge, but the heart has a portion of God's wisdom, which is love.

Have we none but bright subjects to talk of? No: no more than the sun-beam strikes upon none but bright objects, though it helps to make them bright. But may we not shine, if we can, upon the dulllest, and show there is more in it than the dull suspect? May we not shine upon coldness, and warm it? Upon sorrow, and comfort it? May we not also endeavour to add confidence to joy, and show it how rich it is in the commonest coin of the visible? And is not this, instead of confining ourselves to one view of anything, not rather throwing the universal light of day (hitherto insufficiently valued) upon objects of all sorts, not excepting the darkest as well as the commonest? Does the human heart, in its struggles, require such comfort, or does it not? And is not its comfort extended (at least with all minds wise enough to be generous, and to know a good when they see it)

by the very sight of so much belief in good, especially when unconquered by suffering?

We trust, that as this is the first, so it will be the last time we shall think it advisable to touch upon a point that forces us upon one of those appearances of egotism, which the egotistical are so ready to denounce; but as we have really no misgivings about the matter, we shall conclude this article, while we are about it, with some beautiful and affecting verses which have been addressed to us, and which have seasonably arrived to contribute to that very confidence, which, on any other occasion perhaps they might have dashed: for the praise from a friend, which is triumphantly seized upon as a shield against objection, might well beget a blushing doubt if only worn as an ornament. But see how little this gentleman, who is one of the most accomplished persons of our acquaintance, a wit, a scholar, and a musician, doubts the desirableness of our mode of conveying comfort; and with what instinctive beauty, like the flowers of which he writes, his thoughts issue out of their dark ground, and climb upon the stalk of their natural ascendancy, and stand in consummate elegance, giving out the fragrance of their hearts, and looking with pensive superiority upon the earth from whence they rose. Great, unquestionably, are his troubles, greater, in some respects, from the very prime of his life, and from the natural and acquired advantages he possesses; but assuredly the greater will be his triumph over them; for is he not able to bring beauty out of sorrow, to seize the smallest occasions for the greatest comfort, and to gather to him the hearts of his friends in sympathy and in zeal? It has been observed of the deaf, that they are not apt to be so cheerful as the blind; and it is true, and for an obvious reason. Being able to help themselves on many occasions, they are too much left to shift for themselves on all, and are thus too often deprived of the sweetest advantage of society, conversation; whereas, the blind man, helpless in all other respects, is helped not only to a double portion of that one, but to a ten-fold measure of love and service at all times. Let him keep it in God's name, and repay us twenty-fold with the delight of his blind eyes. But as deaf men, for these most pardonable reasons, are apt to be caustic and resentful, so we know not a more amiable sight on earth, than one, who in requiring a good measure of this help to consolation, cultivates the graces of patience and the willingness to be pleased, and without affecting to be insensible to his evils, turns them into attractions of love and reverence, and takes out of the endeavour to entertain him all pain, but that of not being able to convince him that he does not give any. It is true, in the instance before us, as much entertainment is brought as can be received, and the merit is thus lessened as far as a consciousness to that effect cannot but prevail over an undue modesty. Nor, considering his good faith in all other respects, do we despair of convincing our friend that he has no reason to doubt any one's gladness to reciprocate entertainment with him. But we are keeping our readers from better things than prose. We make no apology of any general sort for publishing the verses, because, setting aside even their merit as such, we take them to be high evidences of the good which the design of this journal is doing with all ingenuous readers, and because the extension of a common sympathy, on any just grounds whatsoever, is one of its main objects.

TO A LITTLE BUNCH OF FLOWERS,
THE PRESENT OF L. H.

Sweet little family of happy birth,
Beautiful children of the dew!
Since ye are parted from the dearly breast
Of her that bore ye, and no more shall know
Provident Mother, let me careful show
How much I love you—serving as is best
Your simple wants;—here in this little fount,
Filled from the clearest waters of the brook,
Merge all your thirsty mouths, and from below
Sup upwards till the juicy spirit mount;
So your recruited heads shall overlook
With fresher beauty and a livelier grace
Your narrow dwelling place.

You the mild morning sun with temperate ray
Shall visit rising, placed within this nook
That meets his kind but not his angry eye;
Here shall soft gales from open casement play,
And scatter all your sweetness as they fly;
And I your sober cup
Each day will new fill up
With the pure element ye love to quaff.
Here live and laugh;
And, if I promise well, you shall not say
Old Nature was a better nurse than I.
My little tender flowers, with all my care,
I fear, I fear, you soon must droop away!
Not long the sun, not long the vigorous air
Will be of power to save you from decay.

Emblem of fate too like! your fate I share.
As fade your rifled leaves, so fades my heart,
Clipped from the stem of hope whereon it grew;
Nor aught of sunshine now, nor pleasures new,
Nor Fortune's real favours could impart
The strength that from those early hopes it drew.
For where is now light-hearted laughing ease,
Where the bright flow of social spirits gay,
The thought harmonious with the blessed day,
The power of pleasure, and the power to please?
Where is content, and the free careless mind,
And trusting joy that never looked behind,
And perseverance rising from each fall,
And health—and health—the parent of them all?

Oh! gone—for ever gone; and in their room
Deafness—Disease—and morbid sense I find,
And solitary gloom!
If that my life be short, the need is more
To pray that it in kindness may be passed;
Like you, ye flowers, I fain would learn the way
To cherish still some sweetness to the last.
Then teach me;—teach me for his sake for whom
Ye are so sweet,—the friend to whom I turn
As the scared dreamer to the morning light,
Nor ever turn in vain, for shining store
Of thoughts, and happy words, and visions bright
Of Love and Goodness conquering in the night
Of Truth, of rich contentment to be sought
Amid the fields and in the poet's lore,
And gentle lessons, little flowers, from you.
Say what the secret of your virtue is,
Teach me your sweet philosophy and his.
For whether 'twere the same that Plato drew
From the old wisdom, or his pupil taught,—
The doctrine quaint of old Diogenes,
Of Epicurus mild, or Zeno stern,—
Gentle or hard—did he but love it too,
That would I learn.

Aug. 1834.

E. W.

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 3rd, to Tuesday the 9th September.

WOODS AND NUTTING.

As this is a season when woods are in the perfection of their woodiness, underwood and all, and people like to fancy themselves inside of them, if they have not the luck to be able to go there, we give this week a letter of Gray's, in which he describes himself as enjoying such a spot; and have followed it with the welcome contribution of a correspondent on Nutting. The letter is dated "September," but mentions no day of the month; so it suits our month, and does not contradict our week. There is pleasant mention of Southern, at the end of it.

GRAY TO HORACE WALPOLE.

September, 1737.

I was hindered in my last, and so could not give you all the trouble I would have done. The description of a road, which your coach-wheels have so often honoured, it would be needless to give you; suffice it that I arrived safe at my uncle's, who is a great hunter in imagination; his dogs take up every chair in the house, so I am forced to stand at this present writing; and though the gout forbids him galloping after them in the field, yet he continues still to regale his ears with their comfortable noise.... He holds me mighty cheap, I perceive, for walking when I should ride, and reading when I should hunt. My comfort amidst all this is, that I have at the distance

of half-a-mile, through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common), all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover cliff; but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do, may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous; both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches, and other very reverend vegetables, that like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds.

And, as they bow their hoary tops, relate,
In murmuring sounds, the dark decrees of fate;
While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
Cling to each leaf, and swarm on every bough.

At the foot of one of these squats me (*il penseroso*), and there I grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise, before he had an Eve; but I think he did not use to read Virgil as I commonly do there. In this situation I often converse with my Horace, aloud too, that is, talk to you; but I do not remember that I ever heard you answer me. I beg pardon for taking all the conversation to myself, but it is entirely your own fault. We have old Mr Southern at a gentleman's house a little way off; he is now seventy-seven years old, and has almost wholly lost his memory; but is as agreeable as an old man can be; at least I persuade myself so, when I look at him, and think of Isabella and Oroonoko. I shall be in town in about three weeks. Adieu.

NUTTING DAY.

(For the London Journal.)

We never look upon an apple-stall in one of the hot, dusty streets of the metropolis, in Autumn, nor see on it the finely clustered heap of filberts, retailing at "a penny a pint" to the lucky urchin who possesses so much of this world's wealth, but we think upon our joyous nutting days at school. We bring straightway before our "mind's eye" the portly figure of our reverend pedagogue, as on a fine September evening he would announce to our greedy ears that he had given us the morrow for "nutting day." What hasty packing up of bags! Virgil without the boards, Ovid ditto title-page and preface, and our huge dictionary, of which we were so proud, are gladly and unceremoniously thrust away from "human ken" for a day; and then our search at home for our nutting-bag, laid away since last season, and our journey to the pheasant copse to cut a hooked stick, so that we may have nothing left to do in the morning. Then, when the morning arrived, what eager peeping out to see if the day were fine; verily our toilet then was soon made, and our nice brown bread and milk neglected when compared with our usual repast thereof on a school day; how carelessly did we thrust the packet of bread and cheese, made up for us by our prudent landlady, into our aforesaid nutting-bag; for, in truth, we were too much filled with pleasurable anticipations to be able to contain such an earthly commodity as food. We well remember the select companions who composed our party; methinks we hear them even now extolling the merits of the copse to which we were bending our steps, describing the thickness of the clusters, and debating at what place we ought to ford the river. Now are our shoes and stockings pulled off and carefully tied to the button of our jacket—and now we cross the broad cooling river, holding the youngest by the hand to prevent the stream from knocking him over. Now have we arrived, and joyously look on the rich mellow-tinted bushes, drooping with the weight of the ripe fruit; the elder boys suppress the hurrah of the younger ones, for fear of attracting other parties to rob us of the spoil. Now do we separate, but a peculiar whistle will bring us soon together again. The pliant boughs bend under the influence of our stick, and start back relieved of the weight which before oppressed them; nimbly our fingers go to work, and our bag, widening like an alderman's stomach, and our aching shoulders, tell us that we shall soon have as much as our limbs can bring away with ease. Hark! our companions whistle; they, too, have been busy, and call on us to rejoin them. Whither shall we go to eat our repast?—why under the shade of the fine elm which grows at yonder curve of the river, and where we can get our cups filled from the clear spring which runs hard by.

Our bread and cheese, rather crushed by the concussion of boughs pressing against our pockets, is relished with a gusto we did not think possible when we took it in the morning; and by and by we are joined by merry troops, returning home after a successful expedition, and we hear many accounts of adventurous doings in preserves, and chases by the gamekeepers; and, chatting in such-like manner, we return to the village, displaying our treasures to the natives, and cracking our nuts and jokes in all the light-heartedness of youth and health.

J. S.

We think we cannot do better than conclude this sylvan week with descriptions of another lover of nutting, and some foreign kindred of his, from the pens of Mr and Mrs Howitt. The authors designed them for young readers; but we hardly need repeat, that good young reading is good reading for any age.

THE SQUIRREL.

From "Sketches of Natural History," by Mary Howitt.

The pretty red Squirrel lives up in a tree.
A little blithe creature as ever can be:
He dwells in the boughs where the Stockdove broods,
Far in the shades of the green summer woods;
His food is the young juicy cone of the pine,
And the milky beech nut is his bread and his wine;
In the joy of his nature he frisks with a bound,
To the top-most twigs, and then down to the ground,
Then up again, like a winged thing,
And from tree to tree, with a vaulting spring;
Then he sits up aloft, and looks waggish and queer,
As if he would say, "Ay, follow me here!"
And then he grows fretful, and stamps his foot,
And then independently cracks his nut;
And thus he lives the long summer thorough,
Without a care or a thought of sorrow.
But small as he is, he knows he may want,
In the bleak winter weather when food is scant:
So he finds a hole in an old tree's core,
And there makes his nest, and lays up his store;
Then when cold winter comes and the trees are bare,
When the white snows are falling, and keen is the air,
He heeds it not, as he sits by himself,
In his warm little nest, with his nuts on his shelf.
O wise little Squirrel! no wonder that he,
In the green summer woods is as blithe as can be.

THE MIGRATION OF THE GREY SQUIRRELS.

By William Howitt.

When in my youth I travelled,
Throughout each north country,
Many a strange thing did I hear,
And many a strange thing see.

I sate with the small men in their huts,
Built of the drifted snow;
No fire had we but the seal oil lamp,
No other light did know.

There were hundreds then in the hollow holes
Of the old, old trees did dwell,
And laid up their store, hard by the door,
Of the sweet mast as it fell.

But soon the hungry wild Swine came,
And with thievish snouts dug up
Their buried treasure, and left them not
So much as an acorn cup!

Then did they chatter in angry mood,
And one and all decree,
Into the forests of rich stone pine
Over hill and dale to flee.

Over hill and dale, over hill and dale,
For many a league they went;
Like a troop of undaunted travellers,
Governed by one consent.

But the Hawk and Eagle, and peering Owl,
Did dreadfully pursue;
And the further the grey Squirrels went,
The more their perils grew.
When lo! to cut off their pilgrimage,
A broad stream lay in view.

But then did each wondrous creature shew
His cunning and bravery;
With a piece of the pine bark in his mouth
Unto the stream came he.

And boldly his little bark he launched,
Without the least delay;
His bushy tail was his upright sail,
And he merrily steered away.

Never was there a lovelier sight
Than that grey Squirrels' fleet;
And with anxious eyes I watched to see
What fortune it would meet.

Soon had they reached the rough mid-stream,
And ever and anon
I grieved to behold some small bark wrecked,
And its little steersman gone.

But the main fleet stoutly held across,
I saw them leap to shore;
They entered the woods with a cry of joy,
For their perilous march was o'er.

OUR READERS WHISKED TO THE CONTINENT.

For so we may say they will find themselves, while perusing the following extracts from *Reminiscences of the Rhine, Switzerland, and a Corner of Italy*, just published, from the pen of a lady. She calls them "Slight" Reminiscences; but why so? They are solid pictures, whenever she chose to make them such; the slightness is in the tone; and with all due deference to the modesty which suggested the epithet, she would have felt it to be less applicable to her recollections, had she less condescended to a certain light and bantering air, exacted by the world of fashion from those who are wise enough to be pleased with anything, and of whose wisdom it is jealous. Our authoress is a genuine painter, having feeling, force, beauty, imagination, and colouring. Why should she always, or generally, mix up a certain conventional levity, of the undervaluing order, with her gravest impressions; or at least think it necessary to follow them up with something of that sort? Her occasional world may be the world of fashion, but her real world is the great world of nature and heaven and the domestic affections; and she should never condescend to mix up the tone of the two things. We should take her, by the variety of her powers, and the happy readiness of her style,—her command of words,—to be a sister of Mrs Gore; but Mrs Gore seems to have the serious welfare of matters more at heart, without such perhaps being really the case. Our authoress is full of feeling and grace and gaiety. We like her so much, that we want to have no fault discoverable in her (of the unsympathizing sort) not even the use of some slang phrases, that have got into the circles. The volumes have some spirited sketches in them, which do credit to the amateur artist—we hope, her husband; for writing of one sort, and writing of another, would thus go handsomely together. We must not omit the very pleasant dedication,—we will not say "brief as woman's love," but sweet as woman's love. It is as follows:—"To the Dear Companion of my Journey and my Life, these Pages are affectionately inscribed."

The Rhine.—[We never saw the Rhine so well painted to our taste before.] Two or three miles higher up than Coblenz, the river makes a superb sweep in the midst of delicious scenery; castles rising on one crag, and ruins hanging on another. The Lahn, issuing from its fresh-cradle, throws itself into the Rhine, just opposite to the village of Kappellan, and flowing between the sweet island-looking peninsulas of Oberlahnstein and Niederlahnstein, with their churches and trees, villages and ruins, forms a picture full of gentle beauty.

We have now a garden country, thickly planted with fruit-trees, to Rabens, an old Swissish kind of town or rather village. Painted houses of all shapes, looking as if an enormous weight had fallen down on their roofs, and pressed them out of their fair proportions.

Still moving on through a continued garden. Hills of all shapes and various beauty, and, now and then a castle, or rather its ruins in a bold position at the opening of a green or wooded gorge, with a village or church at its base, stand out shouldering the heavens. A soft, half-sunny day, lights and shadows, but no glare; perhaps the most favourable sky for scenery.

The valley soon narrows; sometimes the mountains descend abruptly to the river, leaving just space enough for the road, and again retreat, as if to make way for a stripe of vines, or an orchard meadow. At this moment something very large and flat sweeps slowly round a wooded projection: it is a raft floating down from Switzerland to some port of Holland. It passes heavily along, though favoured by the current, and aided by many hands; I counted 130 persons, all, or nearly all, employed in its navigation. A wooden construction in the centre serves as a place of shelter for both men and merchandise. Forests of timber are thus floated down the Rhine from the valleys of the Murg, the Neckar, &c. This was but a small affair; the large rafts are sometimes a thousand feet

long, and peopled as thickly as Noah's ark. The passage must be a dull one for any but an inveterate draughtsman, who may sketch at his ease, and linger upon the minutiae as he would upon a picture suspended before him on a wall. And so may all those who struggle up the Rhine in the passage boat, which must, however, be the favourite mode of conveyance here, for we have scarcely met a traveller or seen a carriage since we left Gottisberg. The pilgrims of idleness or fashion, who draw or drive through Switzerland, swearing 'tis wondrous fine, or beshrewing the rumbling cars, noisy inns, and impracticable mountains, seem to overlook the Rhine—heaven bless them for it. One may still stand at a window here, and look at something more interesting than the parties that spread themselves over all the attainable spots on the Oberlands; English ladies in their long cloaks, voyaging shoes, and draggled petticoats; German students in their caps of defiance; artists, amateurs, and all the miscellaneous rabble that defy classification.

At Boppard, a town (every cluster of cottages in this beautiful Rhingen calls itself a town) of the narrowest lanes I ever passed through in a four-wheeled carriage, we found ourselves again in the midst of gardens and vines, trained prettily into trellised walks and southern-looking alcoves. To the left, ruins rise upon dark rocks, and stretch their fragments from point to point out of the shattered crags. Towns and villages lie basking on the river's brink, mingled with foliage and the mouldering remains of the turreted walls, within which even the most insignificant appears to have been enclosed in the by-gone day of its strength.

At Saltzig the river makes another noble bend, and the mountains, folding each other, take the bold character of wild lake scenery. We would willingly linger for some days at the clean and comfortable inn at St Goar, looking at the river rolling its broad tide proudly, as if conscious of all the charming things on its banks, and clambering up to the mouldering castles that make pictures of all the hills; but it is not feasible,—so much the better for the shy lizards who are sunning themselves on the old walls this bright day, and for the swifts and lapwings, hereditary possessors of the loopholes and buttresses, to whose unaccustomed ears the fall of footsteps would sound like battering rams. However, it is a bright and beautiful scene, even from the windows, and I sat in one with the shade on my side, and the sun on the landscape, indulging my dreaming propensities, and peopling the mountain solitudes with the friends of early days.

This is quite a beautiful place, such a gathering of castles. Above, the fortress of Rheinfels, bearing itself fiercely through in ruins; on the opposite mountain-ridge, Katz, a true painter's castle, in the right stage of picturesque decay, clustering its towers with the thousand hues of time upon them round the summit of a rocky height; and beneath, a green lap of land advancing gently into the river, with a bright looking village upon it, and a mixing up of boats moored in the sun, and cows reposing in the shade,—an harmonious blending of past and present, and their associations, which fills the eye and mind delightfully. Another castle (Mause) with the village of Wilnich below it, close up the valley.

That holy man, St Goar, had the true hermit instinct for the beautiful and romantic. It seems to have been left by the early fathers of the desert as a legacy to those who came after them to preach the faith. In Catholic countries, a stranger's attention is rarely attracted by a site of peculiar majesty or loveliness, that a monastery or its vestiges may not be seen or traced upon it. A little beyond the village of St Goar, we tried the effect of an echo, prodigiously vaunted by our conductor. The reverberating rocks returned the blast of a trumpet with electrifying fulness. It had all the essentials, I believe, of a fine echo, the dying fall, and countless reverberations. All here is dark and powerful; the black rocks, scanty vegetation, and narrowing river, continue the character of wild lake scenery, for which the garden gaieties of the Rhine, between Coblenz and St Goar, are now exchanged. But now again another charming picture stands out brightly in the evening sunbeams—the castle of Schonberg exquisitely perched above the town of Oberwessel, of whose tower and ramparts enough still remain to vouch for its former consequence. The tender green of the walnut falls in well here, and does all, or nearly all, the honours of the wooded scenery.

Another raft has just passed down, followed by a boat laden with vegetables, and a gay freight of bare-headed girls; some steering, others rowing, and all as merry as light hearts and sunny skies can make them. This alternation of bright touches with the sombre colouring of dark rocks and stern defiles, of the prismatic hues and mysterious gloom of nature, is fine and original. Cities and peopled fortresses sending out the fulness of life, and blending its agitation with the solitude of the mountain recesses, with the inaccessible rock and the crumbling ruin, are not the common elements of every day scenery; nor is the effect produced on the mind by their combination of an ordinary nature.

An island, with a tower upon it, has just brought

out its legend from the loquacious D—. A pithy tale of some wicked priest or baron—I have forgotten which—seized upon by his harassed and exasperated vassals, and thrown into a cave to be devoured by rats,—a death imitating Don Roderick's in horror. But there is no end here to traditional lore, to tales of marauding lords, fierce priests, and faithful but ill-fated lovers.

The village girls on the Rhine are often very handsome. I think it was at Coblenz, that we first observed their fine eyes and fine shapes, and their pretty mode of dividing the hair into long smooth tresses, platted and turned up round the back of the head, as the young women in the Venetian states are fond of wearing it; but they add a single full-blown rose, and look like Poussin's Arcadians, or the shepherdesses of the valley of Tempe. This beautiful hair is here the young female's chief embellishment; it is usually light coloured, and always glossy and luxuriant. At Bacharach, a sort of town, with carved doors, painted houses, vines and ramparts, we remarked some very pretty girls; one of tall stature, and barefooted, stood by the road-side with a pitcher on her head, holding a child by the hand, and talking to an old man who sat on a stone beside her; it was an antique bas-relief coloured into life. This Bacharach was the Rhenish Falernus; whether its vines still retain their ancient reputation, or have yielded to the superior strength or more exquisite perfume of the Hoheim or Johannisberg, I know not. But the altar of Bacchus (a stone in the river, so called from tradition) still remains; the waters of the Rhine still ripple round it; and the vine dressers have not yet ceased to believe that an abundant vintage may be reckoned upon, whenever the face of the prophetic stone is visible above the wave.

Castles and villages thicken so upon us that we are as weary of asking their names, as the faithful D—is of answering us. It is now the supper hour, and every mountain is marked by thin wreaths of blue smoke, ascending slowly from its base. Troops of boys and girls are driving the cows down from the hills, and turning them into the cottages, which they appear to share with their master. The kine belong to Pharaoh's lean stock, but the children are Correggio's very best. I never saw so many bright happy little faces. They kiss their hands to us, as we pass, and when they find themselves noticed, drop quaint curtsies and try to throw a demure look into their beautiful and peculiarly shaped blue eyes.

Swiss, French, and Italian Females.—It was on the same evening, as we wandered about in the churchyard of Lungern, looking at the tombs decorated with buds and flowers, and medallions wrought in iron, painted and gilt, according to the wealth, vanity, or affectionate feeling of the survivors, that we met two handsome young women, inhabitants of Meyringhen, going onwards to their village, just as the day declined. I remember expressing my surprise at their venturing through the forests of the Brunig at so late an hour, for they could not have expected to reach Meyringhen till long after midnight. But our guides assured us that the most lonely path might be traversed at any hour in safety; midnight, they said, was the same as mid-day. I thought of Moore's exquisite 'rich and rare.' Those girls, too, had their jewels of silver and jewels of gold super-added to their beauty, which provoketh thieves sooner than either, as we are told by higher authority, but went their way fearlessly, in darkness and in solitude, sure to arrive unharmed. This is a cheering view of human nature, a setting off against the zebras of Grindelwald. It was charming to think of it, and to know that there is even now a spot, and a lonely one, where innocence is still held sacred, and honesty a part of natural growth, an innate feeling, not only theoretically reputable, but actually practised. I had a notion that this same honesty was a grafted virtue, like truth and temper, two qualities in which children, in an unsophisticated state, are usually deficient; but I was thinking, I suppose, of the piffling Indians, or those tricking children of nature and coveters of glass beads and pen-knives, the Sandwich islanders, and willingly give up my hypothesis, as painful and perhaps unjust; for I know of few feelings more delightful than the kindly one which a favourable view of human nature diffuses over the mind, nor any to which the heart clings more fondly. Yet why should I conclude that the people of this valley are uninstructed? Have they not their pastors and their elders? And so, after all my golden reveries, and returns to primitive innocence, and innate principle, the same admirable property may be still the virtue of education.

The Swiss, planted as they are between Italy and France, which have each a foot in their territory, have nothing in common with either nation, as far as concerns the exterior. Nothing can be less French than a fair Swiss, unless it be a brown one. The light complexioned are more like the Scotch; they have a fresh, cold, clear look; the brown have not the rich eyes or mobility of countenance of the French; they are heavier, and produce less effect, even when they happen to have better features. It is astonishing with what poor tools a French girl contrives to make herself pretty, or at least to seem so; a Swiss peasant has no idea of this, she is as nature made her;

if a thought of display crosses her mind, it is expressed coarsely, it is the "cow dancing the courant,"—but in her simplicity she is often dignified. The women who work in the fields are in both countries black and baked, but when a French girl can afford to be smart, she asks but a pair of eyes, and the rest (usually coarse stuff) is somehow or other passed off by their eloquence. Both have frequently an expression of broad good humour, but in the one it is more personal, in the other more expressive.

Nor do the Swiss differ less from their other neighbours the Italians. There is sometimes a serious earnestness, an undressed fixedness of thought in the expression of an Italian countenance that is fine and natural, and a character of simple goodness. One occasionally meets with a childish sparkle, in some of the young faces, charming in its way; many are vacant and heavy, some hideous, from features, expression, and nastiness; but in the villages and vineyards, one not unfrequently sees single figures, and even groups, that look as if they had sate in Egypt under the tents of the patriarchs, and had come along with the stream of time, without a breath on their freshness, in all the natural grandeur and decent boldness of antique simplicity,—with a purity of outline, and a breadth and richness of drapery and colouring worthy of the old masters who painted with the book of Genesis open before them. I have never met with this style of figure in Switzerland; beauty is here rosy, quaint, round; or, if of a higher cast, which is rare, apt to verge on the masculine or stern.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

THREE TRAGEDIES OF CIVIL WAR.

We need not disclaim any antipathy to parties among our ancestors, much less to the erring or non-erring individuals of whom they were composed, when we draw upon the sympathies of our readers with the sufferings occasioned by mistakes on all sides. Even in the fiercest and most unrelenting exercise of the human will may sometimes be discerned the perversion of a thwarted desire for sympathy; and its worst evidences are not unaccompanied with something which finds an excuse for it in imperfections of education or parentage (we mean, of course, in the moral and physical sense, and not in the conventional). Let us be thankful when the moral storms of the world turn manifestly to good; and let us hope as much of the rest, and trust that its new lights will show us how they may be dispensed with by and by. There may be discoveries (we trust they are now making) which will render moral as well as physical electricity harmless, and enable what is called the "anger of heaven" to be known only in its beneficence of operation.

The following passages are taken from a little volume full of the Tory pepper and mustard of lampoon, entitled the *Jacobite Minstrelsy of Scotland*. We have long wished to meet again with the history of the affecting incident which moved Shenstone to write his ballad of "Jemmy Dawson," and here we found it, and seized upon it for our readers. We shall put the prose first, and the poetry afterwards, like a dirge over its grave. By the way, nobody thinks the worse of Shenstone's hero for being called "Jemmy;" though when Mr Wordsworth re-published his *Lyric Ballads*, he absolutely thought himself obliged to leave out half the first line of one of them, because he had addressed his brother in it, as he was wont, by the title of "Dear brother Jem!" So reasonable is custom at one time, and so ridiculous at another, upon the same point!

XXXII.—EXECUTION OF CAPTAIN DAWSON.

SHENSTONE's ballad is commemorative of the melancholy and peculiarly hard fate of a youthful victim, who was sacrificed to the harsh and unrelenting policy of the government, at the period of its triumph in 1746. He was the son of a gentleman of Lancashire of the name of Dawson, and, while pursuing his studies at Cambridge, he heard the news of the insurrection in Scotland, and the progress of the insurgents. At that moment he had committed some youthful excesses which induced him to run away from his college, and either from caprice or enthusiasm, he proceeded to the north, and joined the Prince's army, which had just entered England. He was made an officer in Colonel Townly's Manchester regiment, and afterwards surrendered with it at Carlisle. Eighteen of that corps were the first victims selected for trial, and among these was young Dawson. They were all found guilty, and nine were ordered for immediate execution, as having been most actively and conspicuously guilty. Kennington Common was the place appointed for the last scene of their

punishment, and, as the spectacle was to be attended with all the horrid barbarities inflicted by the British law of treason, a vast mob from London and the surrounding country assembled to witness it. The prisoners beheld the gallows, the block, and the fire, into which their hearts were to be thrown, without any dismay, and seemed to brave their fate on the scaffold with the same courage that had prompted them formerly to risk their lives in the field of battle. They also justified their principles to the last, for, with the ropes about their necks, they delivered written declarations to the sheriff, that they died in a just cause, they did not repent of what they had done, and that they doubted not but their deaths would be afterwards avenged. After being suspended for three minutes from the gallows, their bodies were stripped naked and cut down, in order to undergo the operation of beheading and embowelling. Colonel Townly was the first that was laid upon the block, but the executioner observing the body to retain some signs of life, he struck it violently on the breast, for the humane purpose of rendering it quite insensible to the remaining part of the punishment. This not having the desired effect, he cut the unfortunate gentleman's throat. The shocking ceremony of taking out the heart and throwing the bowels into the fire, was then gone through, after which the head was separated from the body with a cleaver, and both were put into a coffin. The rest of the bodies were thus treated in succession; and, on throwing the last heart into the fire, which was that of young Dawson, the executioner cried, "God save King George!" and the spectators responded with a shout. Although the rabble had hooted the unhappy gentlemen on their passage to and from their trials, it was remarked that at the execution their fate excited considerable pity, mingled with admiration of their courage. Two circumstances contributed to increase the public sympathy on this occasion, and caused it to be more generally expressed. The first was, the appearance at the place of execution of a youthful brother of one of the culprits of the name of Deacon, himself a culprit and under sentence of death for the same crime; but who had been permitted to attend this last scene of his brother's life, in a coach along with a guard. The other, was the fact of a young and beautiful female, to whom Mr Dawson had been betrothed, actually attending to witness his execution, as commemorated in the ballad. This singular fact is narrated, as follows, in most of the journals of that period.

"A young lady of good family and handsome fortune, had for some time extremely loved, and been equally beloved by Mr James Dawson, one of those unfortunate gentlemen who suffered at Kennington Common for high treason; and had he been acquitted, or, after condemnation, found the royal mercy, the day of his enlargement was to have been that of their marriage.

"Not all the persuasions of her kindred could prevent her from going to the place of execution; she was determined to see the last hour of a person so dear to her; and, accordingly, followed the sledges in a hackney coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and one female friend. She got near enough to see the fire kindled which was to consume that heart she knew was so much devoted to her, and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without being guilty of any of those extravagancies her friends had apprehended. But when all was over, and she found that he was no more, she drew her head back into the coach, and crying out, 'My dear, I follow thee—I follow thee. Sweet Jesus, receive both our souls together,' fell on the neck of her companion, and expired in the very moment she was speaking.

"That excess of grief, which the force of her resolution had kept smothered within her breast, it is thought, put a stop to the vital motion, and suffocated, at once, all the animal spirits."

Come listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline:
For thou can'st weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint—but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
A brighter never trode the plain;
And well he loved one charming maid,
And dearly was he loved again.

One tender maid, she loved him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came;
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife
That led the favoured youth astray,
The day the rebel clans appeared,—
Oh, had he never seen that day.

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave their keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheeks,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows,
So pale or yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice, she weeping said,
'Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.'

'Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes;
Oh, George! without a pray'r for thee,
My orisons would never close.

'The gracious prince that gave him life
Would crown a never-dying flame;
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to lip the giver's name.

'But though he should be dragg'd in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree,
He shall not want one constant friend
To share the cruel fate's decree.'

O, then her mourning coach was call'd;
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her fav'rite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and stedfast eyes she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly lov'd so long;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung;

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head repos'd;

And ravish'd was that constant heart
She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could its King forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames,
She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
'Yet, yet,' she cried, 'I follow thee.'

'My death, my death alone can shew
The pure, the lasting love I bore;
Accept, Oh Heaven! of woes like our's,
And let us, let us, weep no more.'

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And sighing forth his name—expir'd!

Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale,
So sad, so tender, yet so true.

XXXIII.—CRUELTY TOWARDS A WHIG.

One morning, in those evil days, a man of the name of John Brown, having performed the worship of God in his family, was going with a spade in his hand to make ready some peat-ground. The mist being very dark, he knew not where he was till the bloody Claverhouse compassed him with three troops of his horse, brought him to his house, and there examined him, who, though he was a man of stammering speech, yet answered both distinctly and solidly, which made Claverhouse examine those whom he had taken to be his guides through the mairs, if they had heard him preach? They answered, 'No, no, he was never a preacher.' To which he replied, 'If he has never preached, meikle has he prayed in his time.' He then said to John, 'Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die.' When he was praying, Claverhouse interrupted him three times. One time that he interrupted him, he was praying that the Lord would spare a remnant, and not make a full end in the day of his anger. Claverhouse said, 'I gave you time to pray, and you are begun to preach.' He turned on his knees, and said, 'Sir, you know neither the nature of prayer nor preaching, that call this preaching;' then continued without confusion! His wife standing by, with her children in her arms that she had brought forth to him, and another child of his first wife's, he came to her and said, 'Now, Marion, the day is come, that I told you would come, when I first spoke to you of marrying me.' She said, 'Indeed, John, I can willingly part with you.' Then he said, 'This is all I desire; I have no more to do but to die.' He kissed his wife and bairns, and wished purchased and promised blessings to be poured upon them, and gave them his blessing. Claverhouse ordered six soldiers to shoot him; the most part of the bullets came upon his head, which scattered his brains upon the ground. Then said Claverhouse to the hapless widow, 'What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?' To which she answered, 'I thought ever much of him, and now as much as ever.' He said, 'It were justice

to lay thee beside him.' She replied, 'If ye were permitted, I doubt not your cruelty would go that length; but how will ye make answer for this morning's work?' 'To men,' said he, 'I can be answerable; and, for God, I will take him in mine own hand.' Claverhouse mounted his horse, and left her with the corpse of her dead husband lying there; she set the bairn on the ground, and gathered his brains, and tied up his head, and straightened his body, and covered him with her plaid, and sat down and wept over him. It being a very desert place where never victual grew, and far from neighbours, it was some time before any friends came to her: the first that came was a very fit hand, that old singular Christian woman, in the Cumberhead, named Elizabeth Menzies, three miles distant, who had been tried with the violent death of her husband, at Pentland, afterwards of two worthy sons, Thomas Weir, who was killed at Drumclog, and David Steele, who was suddenly shot afterwards when taken. The said Marion Weir, sitting upon her husband's grave, told me, that before that, she could see no blood but she was in danger to faint, and yet she was helped to be a witness to all this, without either fainting or confusion, except when the shots were let off, her eyes were dazzled. His corpse was buried at the end of the house where he was slain.—*Peden's Life.*

XXXIV.—CRUELTY TOWARDS A JACOBITE.

In the rising of 1745, a party of Cumberland's dragoons was running through Nithsdale in search of rebels. Hungry and fatigued, they stopped at a lone widow's house, and demanded refreshment. Her son, a youth of sixteen, dressed up a dish of long kale and butter for them, and the good woman brought her new milk, that she told them was all her stock. One of the party enquired, with seeming kindness, how she lived. 'Indeed,' said she, 'the cow and the kale yard, wi' God's blessing, are a' my mairten.' Without another word being spoken, the heartless trooper then rose, and with his sabre killed the cow and destroyed all the kale. The poor woman and her son were thus in a moment thrown destitute upon the world. She herself soon died of a broken heart, and the disconsolate youth wandered away beyond the inquiry of friends or the search of compassion. In the continental war which followed some years after, when the British army had gained a great and signal victory, some of the soldiery were one day making merry with their wine, and recounting their exploits: a dragoon roared out—'I once starved a Scotch witch at Nithsdale; I killed her cow, and destroyed her greens; but,' added he, 'she could live for all that, on her God, she said!' 'And don't you rue it?' cried a young soldier, starting up at the moment. 'Don't you rue it?' 'Rue it! rue what?' said the other: 'why should I rue aught like that?' 'Then, by heaven you shall rue it,' exclaimed the youth, unsheathing his sword, 'that woman was my mother. Draw, you brutal villain, draw!' They fought on the instant. The youth passed his sword twice through the dragoon's body; and, while he turned him over in the throes of death, exclaimed, 'Wretched man! had you but rued it, you should only have been punished by your God!'

We shall conclude these tragical stories, by way of relief, with an exquisite off-hand lampoon (at least it has all the air of being such) upon Frederick Prince of Wales, son of George the Second, a prince whom people of all parties are now agreed in thinking no very great worthy, nor superior to what a lively woman has here written upon him; for if we understand Horace Walpole rightly, who says the verses were found among her papers, they were the production of the Honourable Miss Rollo, probably the daughter of the fourth Lord Rollo, who was implicated in the rebellion. Frederick was familiarly termed *Fecchie* and *Fed*.

"Here lies Prince Fed,
Gone down among the dead.
Had it been his father,
We had much rather;
Had it been his mother,
Better than any other;
Had it been her sister,
Few would have missed her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Ten times better for the nation;
But since 'tis only Fed,
There's no more to be said."

THE PERCEPTION OF BEAUTY AND NOBLENES

NOT A MATTER OF RANK.

TASTE, if it mean anything but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness; a sense to discern, and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, order, goodness, wheresoever or in whatsoever forms and accompaniments they are to be seen. This surely implies, as

its chief condition, not any given external rank or situation, but a finely gifted mind, purified into harmony with itself, into keenness and justness of vision; above all, kindled into love and generous admiration. Is culture of this sort found exclusively among the higher ranks? We believe it proceeds less from without than within, in every rank. The charms of Nature, the majesty of Man, the infinite loveliness of Truth and Virtue, are not hidden from the eye of the poor, but from the eye of the vain, the corrupted, and self-seeking, be he poor or rich. In old ages, the humble minstrel, a mendicant, and lord of nothing but his harp and his own free soul, had intimations of these glories, while to the proud baron in his barbaric halls they were unknown. Nor is there still any aristocratic monopoly of judgment more than of genius. For as to that *Science of Negation* which is taught peculiarly by men of professed elegance, we confess we hold it rather cheap. It is a necessary, but decidedly a subordinate accomplishment; nay, if it be rated as the highest, it becomes a ruinous vice. This is an old truth, yet ever needing new application and enforcement. Let us know what to love, and we shall know also what to reject; what to affirm, and we shall know also what to deny: but it is dangerous to begin with denial, and fatal to end with it. To deny is easy; nothing is sooner learnt, or more generally practised: as matters go, we need no man of polish to teach it; but rather, if possible, an hundred men of wisdom to shew us its limits, and teach us its reverse.

Are the fineness and truth of sense, manifested by the artist, found, in most instances, to be proportionate to his wealth and elevation of acquaintance? Are they found to have any perceptible relation either with the one or the other? We imagine not. Whose taste in painting, for instance, is truer and finer than Claude Lorraine's? and was not he a poor colour-grinder, outwardly the meanest of menials? Where again, we might ask, lay Shakespeare's rent-roll; and what generous peer took him by the hand, and unfolded to him the 'open secret' of the universe; teaching him that this was beautiful, and that not so? Was he not a peasant by birth, and by fortune something lower; and was it not thought much, even in the height of his reputation, that Southampton allowed him equal patronage with the zany, jugglers, and bearwards of the time? Yet compare his taste, even as it respects the negative side of things; for, in regard to the positive, and far higher side, it admits no comparison with any other mortal's,—compare it, for instance, with the taste of Beaumont and Fletcher, his cotemporaries, men of rank and education, and of fine genius like himself. Tried even by the nice, fastidious, and in great part false, and artificial delicacy of modern times, how stands it with the two parties; with the gay triumphant men of fashion, and the poor vagrant link-boy? Does the latter sin against, we shall not say taste, but etiquette, as the former do? For one line, for one word, which some Chesterfield might wish blotted from the first, are there not in the others whole pages and scenes which, with palpitating heart, he would hurry into deepest night. This too, observe, respects not their genius, but their culture; not their appropriation of beauties, but their rejection of deformities,—by supposition, the grand and peculiar result of high breeding. —*Thomas Carlyle.*—(From an admirable article upon German Literature in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1827.)

A LADY'S PORTRAIT OF HERSELF.

WE gave, in one of our Romances of Real Life, a sample of this self-painting, from the pen of the famous Mademoiselle d'Orleans who married the Duke de Lauzun. It is a curious exercise of the judgment; and for more reasons than one, is apt to be more candid than might be supposed at the first thought of it. Suppose it sets some of our fair (or unfair) readers upon trying their hand.

Charlotte Saumaise de Chasan, niece of the learned Claude Saumaise, (says Miss Hays in her female Biography), was born in Paris, in 1619. She received an excellent education under the direction of her uncle, whose cares were rewarded by her proficiency in every elegant acquirement. She espoused, while yet in early life, M. de Fleelles, count de Bregy, lieutenant general of the army, counsellor of the sword of state, envoy extraordinary to Poland, and afterwards ambassador to Sweden. Celebrated for her wit, her beauty, and her talents, the countess was highly esteemed at court, and generally admired. She corresponded with Anne of Austria, to whom she was lady of honour; also with the queen of England; with Christina, queen of Sweden; and with the most distinguished and illustrious characters of Europe. Benserade addressed to this lady a complimentary epistle. The portrait she has drawn of herself is too curious to be omitted.

My person, says Madame de Bregy, perfectly well proportioned, is neither too large nor too small. I have a certain negligent air which convinces me I am one of the finest women of my size. My hair is brown

and glossy, my complexion brunette, clear and smooth. My features are regular, and the form of my face oval. My eyes are fine; a certain mixture in their colour renders them bright and sparkling. My nose is well formed; my mouth, though not small, agreeable; and my lips of a good colour. My teeth, exquisitely white and well arranged, are the finest in the world. My neck is beautiful, nor need I blush to display my hands and arms. My air is lovely and delicate. My glass persuades me that I see nothing superior, if equal, to the image which it presents me. My appearance is youthful, my dress neat and tasteful. Such is my exterior form.

Others possibly are the best judges of our minds, since there is no mirror that reflects them faithfully. I am, nevertheless, persuaded that mine does not disgrace my person. It appears to me that I possess judgment to estimate things properly, though not by acquired knowledge. My mind is at once penetrating, delicate, solid, and reasonable. I profit little by the wit of others, and succeed better when guided by my own discernment than by the rules of art; I, therefore, use only my native good sense. I have frequently heard it observed (though, I confess, not without doubts of its truth), that, in conversation with me, time passes more rapidly than in other society; and that, on serious subjects, my sentiments are worthy of being adopted. Of my humour I shall speak with the same sincerity. I love praise, and return, with interest, the compliments paid to me; and, though somewhat haughty and scornful, I can be soft and conciliating. I neither oppose nor contradict the opinions of others, and I keep my own reserved. I can with truth say that I was born modest and discreet, while pride has preserved in me these qualities. I am not only proud, but indolent; and these defects have been productive of others. I take no pains to court favour, not even by flattery. I neither trouble myself to seek pleasure or amusement; yet to those who are at the pains to procure them for me I hold myself greatly obliged. I appear lively and gay, but in moderation. I take care to offend no persons, unless they wilfully call it upon themselves; and even then I avenge myself by railery rather than by serious anger. I have no turn for intrigue; yet, should I engage in one, I am convinced I should conduct myself with prudence and discretion. I am resolute, persevering to obstinacy, and secret to excess. In one respect, I own myself the most unjust of human beings: I wish evil to those who conform not to my desires. Such as are desirous of forming a friendship with me must be at the trouble of making all the advances. In return, I make them amends, and omit no opportunity of doing them service; I defend them against their adversaries, I speak in their praise, and sanction nothing which might prove detrimental to their interest. Time, which effaces impressions from the minds of others, gives strength to mine. I am truly disinterested, but not easily duped. I never choose a friend because he can do me a service; but should he neglect the opportunity when it occurs, I regard him no longer—he forfeits my friendship. I have not sufficient virtue to disregard wealth and honours, but enough to be satisfied and resigned to my lot. To say truth, I am neither good nor bad enough to serve myself. I am not devout, though I have through life desired to become so. I am greatly affected by the merits of others, and apt to over-rate my own; but my presumption extends but to the qualities of the heart. I am long in deliberating; but, when once resolved, it is difficult to divert me from my purpose. I strictly observe a promise, and do not easily pardon a breach of faith in others. In asking favours for myself, I cannot persist. I had rather resign my expectations than obtain them by servility. My attachment and fidelity are secured by gratitude rather than by hope. Many of my faults proceed from pride; none from meanness. If unable to conquer the pride which governs my actions, I direct it to those purposes which capacitate me to appear without blushing.

Confessions of this nature, (says Miss Hays,) notwithstanding the egotism they may display, are always interesting. Madame de Bregy preserved her charms and her talents to an advanced age, and died at Paris April 3, 1693. She was interred with her husband at St Gervais, and an epitaph inscribed over their remains.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

An article on this subject in the second volume of the *Penny Cyclopædia*, just published, refers to one in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, from which we had some time ago made an extract for publication, and which we here give our readers. "There is more in heaven and earth" than is "dreamt of" in most people's "philosophy," those of the philosophers themselves not excepted; and like the German poet, with whose wisdom we have been lately adorning our pages, we are not fond of seeing any speculation, in-

teresting to man's nature, prejudged or hastily ridiculed. The possibilities of truth, however, may be ill-treated by another sort of haste and presumption; and in the curious instance before us, a genuine philosopher and quack seems exposed, in all the knavery of his solemn trifling.

Hell, a Jesuit, had rendered himself very celebrated by the number of his magnetic cures, and about the year 1774 communicated his experiments and success to Mesmer, under whom the theory was to assume a new form, and the practice to become so extended as to attract universal attention, exercise the ingenuity and research of physical enquirers, and obtain the honour of a special investigation from the French Royal Academy of Sciences, and other learned bodies.

Mesmer had commenced his career by publishing, in 1766, a dissertation on "The Influence of the Planets on the Human Body," in which he maintained, that, as the sun and moon cause and direct on our globe the flux and reflux of the sea, so these exercise on all the component parts of organized bodies, and particularly on the nervous system, a similar influence, producing in them two different states, which he termed *intension* and *remission*, and which seemed to him to account for the different periodical revolutions observable in several maladies in different ages, sexes, &c. The property of the animal body, which rendered it susceptible of this influence, he termed animal magnetism. Hell's observation seemed to him to throw new light on his theory, and having caused the Jesuit to make him some magnets of a peculiar form, he determined on a set of experiments which should give some certainty to his ideas. Expect a miracle, and it will be sure to happen. Mesmer has the good fortune to meet with a young lady called Oesterline, suffering under a convulsive malady, the symptoms of which exactly coincided with his new theory. The attacks were periodical, and attended by a rush of blood to the head, causing severe pain, followed by delirium, vomiting, and syncope. How far these attacks were connected with the state of the moon he does not mention, but he soon succeeded in reducing them under his system of planetary influence, so that he was enabled to foretell the periods of accession and remission. Having thus discovered the cause of the disease, it struck him that his discovery would be perfect, and lead to a certain mode of cure, if he could ascertain "that there existed between the bodies which compose our globe, an action equally reciprocal and similar to that of the heavenly bodies, by means of which he could imitate artificially the periodical revolutions of the flux and reflux before mentioned." Of course, as he only wanted this little matter to complete so great a theory, he could not fail to find it; and he soon announced that this material influence did exist, but in some way, for which he does not clearly account, his own body had come to be the principal dépôt in which it centred, and from which it could be communicated to all others. Thus, when M. Ingenhousz came with him to see Made-moiselle Oesterline in a fit, he found that he might touch any part of her body without appearing to produce in her sensation; but when Mesmer, taking him by the hands, communicated to him animal magnetism, and then sent him back to make fresh trials, he found that now the simple pointing of his finger was sufficient to cause convulsive motions.

Henceforth animal magnetism was distinctly and definitely separated from mineral magnetism; and though Mesmer continued for some time to use magnets in his experiments, it was not on account of their own inherent power, but of the quality which he attributed to them of being conductors of the newly discovered influence: in 1776 he discontinued their use altogether. Finding his discoveries rather undervalued at Vienna, where they had been ridiculed by Stoerk and Ingenhousz, whom, in turn, Mesmer denominated "petty experiment-makers to the ladies of the court," he set out on an experimental tour through Swabia and Switzerland, where he found a formidable rival in father John Joseph Garner, already celebrated for casting out devils, which he held to be the primary causes of most diseases. Mesmer, however, showed much of that tact which has distinguished his followers in similar difficulties, and in place of questioning the truth of Father Garner's cures, at once adopted them as facts, and declared them to be the evident results of the great power he had so lately discovered. He succeeded himself in healing an ophthalmia and a gutta serena, with due certificates of which achievements he returned to Vienna. Here he undertook to cure Mademoiselle Paradis of blindness and convulsions, and after magnetizing her for some time, declared her perfectly recovered. Barth, the oculist, went to see her, and declared her blind as ever, and her family found on her return home that the convulsions continued as before. This was a sad mistake; but Mesmer, whose great talent was unblushing effrontery, pronounced it a false report, got up to injure his fame, and asserted that the girl was quite well, and "that her family forced her to imitate convulsions and feign blindness." The cool impudence of this was a little too much, and Mesmer found it

convenient to leave Vienna, and after some consideration determined that his next appearance should be at Paris. Here, as M. Virey informs us, he commenced modestly; he addressed himself to the savans and physicians, and explained to them his system, without, however, making any converts; he then sought for patients, and pretended to have made some cures, but as he did not attract much attention, he published his "Memoir on the Discovery of Animal Magnetism," the same work from which we have already quoted. In this he announces twenty-seven general propositions, asserting not only the existence of a magnetic fluid, as before described, but of an anti-magnetic, which was so powerful in the bodies of some persons that their very presence was sufficient to prevent the operation of the magnetic power even in others. The utility of this new power is quite obvious, as it afforded him a ready means of accounting for the failure of any of his experiments. He now addressed himself to M. le Roi, president of the Académie des Sciences, and various negotiations were set on foot for a public inquiry into his system, which Mesmer always managed to break off when they were coming to anything decisive. It was not, however, until Deslon, a French physician of some eminence, had announced himself a convert, and joined Mesmer in the practice of magnetism, that it acquired much renown. Their method of operating was as follows:

In the centre of the room was placed a vessel of an oval or circular shape, about four feet in diameter and one deep. In this were laid a number of bottles disposed in radii, with their necks directed outwards, well corked and filled with magnetized water. Water was then poured into a vessel so as to cover the bottles, and occasionally pounded glass or filings of iron were added to the water. This vessel was termed the *baquet*. From its cover, which was pierced with many holes, issued long, thin, moveable rods of iron, which could be applied by the patients to the affected part. Besides, to the ring of the cover was attached a cord which, when the patients were seated in a circle, was carried round them all, so as to form a chain of connexion; a second chain was formed by the union of their hands, and it was recommended that they should sit so close as that those adjoining should touch by their knees and feet, which was supposed wonderfully to facilitate the passage of the magnetic fluid. In addition to this, the magnetists went round, placed themselves *en rapport* with the patients, embraced them between the knees, and gently rubbed them down along the course of the nerves, using gentle pressure over different regions of the chest and abdomen. The effect of such treatment on delicate women might have been foretold, but it was not left to work alone.

The house which Mesmer inhabited was delightfully situated. His rooms were spacious and sumptuously furnished, stained glass and coloured blinds shed "a dim religious light," mirrors gleamed at intervals along the walls, a mysterious silence was preserved, delicate perfumes floated in the air, and occasionally the melodious sounds of the harmonica or the voice came to lend their aid to his magnetic powers. His salons became the daily resort of all that was brilliant and *spirituel* in the Parisian fashionable world. Ladies of rank, whom indolence, voluptuous indulgence, or satiety of pleasures, had filled with vapours or nervous affections—men of luxurious habits, enervated by enjoyment, who had drained sensuality of all that it could offer, and gained in return a shattered constitution and premature old age—came in crowds to seek after the delightful emotions and novel sensations which this mighty magician was said to dispense. They approached with imaginations heated by curiosity and desire; they believed because they were ignorant; and this belief was all that was required for the action of the magnetic charm. The women, always the most ardent in enthusiasm, first experienced yawnings, stretchings, then slight nervous spasms, and finally, crises of excitation, according as the assistant magnetizers (*jeunes hommes beaux et robustes comme des Hercules*) multiplied and prolonged the soft passes or *attouchemens*, by which the magnetic influence was supposed to be communicated. The emotions once begun were soon transmitted to the rest, as we know one hysterical female, if affected, will induce an attack in all other similarly predisposed in the same apartment. In the midst of this strange scene entered Mesmer, clothed in a long-flowing robe of lilac-coloured silk, richly embroidered with golden flowers, and holding in his hand a long white wand. Advancing with an air of authority and magic gravity, he seemed to govern the life and movements of the individuals in crises. Women panting were threatened with suffocation,—they must be unlaced; others tore the walls or rolled themselves on the ground with strong spasms in the throat, and occasionally uttering loud shrieks,—the violence of the crises must be moderated. He approached, traced over their bodies certain lines with his wand; they became instantly calm, acknowledged his power, and felt streams of cold or burning vapours through their entire frames according to the directions in which he waved his hand.

Mesmer now was in a fair way; he had obtained

notoriety, he was the subject of general conversation; money, which he eagerly coveted, was flowing on him, and he was even offered a handsome pension and the order of St Michael, if he had made any real discovery in medicine, and would communicate it to physicians nominated by the king. This scrutiny was exactly what Mesmer most dreaded; accordingly, in place of accepting the offer, he suddenly affected wonderful magnanimity, spoke of his disregard of money compared with his love of science, his philanthropy, and his desire to have his great discovery acknowledged and patronized by government; then, breaking off the negotiation, set off abruptly for Spa, where he had the mortification to hear that Deslon had succeeded to his business, and all his emoluments at Paris. To console him for this misfortune, Bergasse, one of his patients, proposed opening a subscription of 100 shares, at 100 louis each, the profits of which should be offered to him on condition that he would disclose his secret to the subscribers, who were to have it in their power to make what use they pleased of it. Mesmer readily embraced the proposal and returned to Paris, where the subscription was soon filled; and, the generosity of the subscribers exceeding their promises, he received no less a sum than 340,000 livres. Among his pupils were La Fayette, d'Epremenil, and M. Bergasse, to whom he was indebted for the whole plan.

Numerous writings now appeared on each side. M. Count de Gebelin, author of the "Monde Primitif," professed himself cured by magnetism, and became one of its most enthusiastic supporters, but, unfortunately dying soon after, revealed to a post-mortem examination that his kidneys were in a complete state of disorganization of long standing, and that therefore the magnetic cure had no existence but in his imagination. About the same time, Berthollet, the celebrated chemist, who had gone so far as to become one of Mesmer's pupils, announced in a pithy advertisement, that the whole was a piece of quackery, and it is said even went so far as to threaten his master with a censure for having imposed on him. But it was at length determined that a serious examination should take place, the king directed the attention of the Académie des Sciences, to the subject, and a committee of investigation was appointed, of which Bailly, Franklin, Lavoisier, and others, were members. Mesmer at once perceived his danger, refused all communication with the commissioners, and absented himself from the inquiry. His presence, however, was not required. M. Deslon, who had long assisted in his practice, known his theory, and produced the same effects, was either more sincere or more silly than his master. He laid open to the commissioners all the proceedings, displayed all his varieties of convulsions, crises, and cures, and enabled them to convince themselves and every rational person that Mesmer was a bold charlatan, and Deslon a clever dupe. Their report, which presents one of the most beautiful examples of judicious experiment and clear logical deduction, has been so often reprinted, and so generally quoted, that it is unnecessary for us to do more than to repeat its conclusions.

"It shows that there is no proof of the existence of a universal fluid, or magnetic power, except from its effects on human bodies; that those effects can be produced without passes or other magnetic manipulations; that those manipulations alone are insufficient to produce the effects, if employed without the patient's knowledge; that, therefore, *imagination* will, and animal magnetism will not, account for the results produced."

The commissioners also notice the effect of the *attouchemens* in sensitive patients, and of imitation in inducing many crises to follow the first.

We have now done with Mesmer: this report annihilated him.

UTILITY AND BEAUTY--SPIRIT OF THE FINE ARTS.

This is another specimen of the goodness of the Penny Cyclopædia. The Diffusers of Knowledge are accused of taking a merely mechanical and unphilosophical view of utility. But they here more than disprove the charge. The only objection to be made to this excellent article is referable perhaps to its closing remark about music; which is an art that in its union with words in general may reasonably take, we think, the higher place, inferior as it is to poetry in the abstract. For when music is singing, the finest part of our senses takes the place of the more definite intellect, and nothing surely can surpass the power of an affecting and enchanting air in awakening the very flower of emotion. On this account, we can well understand a startling saying attributed to the great Mozart; that he did not care for having excellent words to his music. He wanted only the names (as it were) of the passions. His own poetry supplied the rest.

*The fine arts are generally understood to compre-

hend those productions of human genius and skill, which are more or less addressed to the sentiment of taste. They are first employed in embellishing objects of mere utility, but their highest office is to meet our impression of beauty, or sublimity, however acquired, by imitative or adequate representation. The capacity of the human mind for receiving such impressions, whether directly from nature or through the medium of the arts, depends greatly on civilization, and that leisure which supposes that first wants are satisfied; but there exists no state of society, however ignorant, in which some symptoms of taste and some attempts to arrest the beautiful are not to be met with, the difference between such efforts and the most refined productions is a difference only in degree; the fact of the existence of the arts in some form may be always taken for granted, and it would only remain to regulate their influence and direct their capabilities aright.

"The arts are peculiarly interesting as human creations. They are composed of nature operating on human sympathies, and reflected through a human medium; and as nations, like individuals, present ever-varying modification, so the free growth of the fine arts partakes of all these varieties, and may be compared to the bloom of a plant, true to its developing causes whatever they may be, and nurtured in the first instance by the soil from which it springs. In barbarous or degenerate nations, the sentiment of the beautiful has ever been attained only in the lowest degree, while a false excitement founded on a suppression of the feeling of nature, may be said to have usurped the place of the sublime. We smile at the simple attempt of the savage to excite admiration by the gaudiness of his attire; but we should shudder to contemplate the scenes which his fortitude or obduracy can invest with the attributes of sublimity. The just value of life, the characteristic of that civilization which reduces the defensive passions to their due limits, at the same time naturally elevates the sources of gratification by pointing out the pleasures of the mind as distinguished from those of the sense; and the perception of the beautiful is in its turn the cause, as it is in some degree the result, of the rational enjoyment of life.

"The great use of the arts is thus to humanise and refine, to purify enjoyment, and, when duly appreciated, to connect the perception of physical beauty with that of moral excellence; but it will at once be seen that this idea of usefulness is in a great measure distinct from the ordinary meaning of the term as applicable to the production of human ingenuity. A positive use results, indeed, indirectly from the cultivation of the formative arts, precisely in proportion as their highest powers are developed: for it will be found that at all times when the grandest style of design has been practised with success, and particularly when the human figure has been duly studied, the taste thus acquired from the source of the beautiful has gradually influenced all kinds of manufactures. Again, as illustrating science, the fine arts may be directly useful in the stricter sense, but this is not the application which best displays their nature and value. The essence of the fine arts begins, where utility in its narrower acceptance ends. The abstract character of ornament is to be useless. That this principle exists in nature we immediately feel in calling to mind the merely beautiful appearances of the visible world, and particularly the colours of flowers. In every case in nature where fitness or utility can be traced, the characteristic quality or relative beauty of the object is found to be identified with that fitness:—a union imitated as far as possible in the less decorative part of architecture, furniture, &c.; but where no utility, save that of conveying delight (perhaps the highest of all) exists, we recognize the principle of *absolute* beauty. The fine arts in general may be considered the human reproduction of this principle. The question of their utility, therefore, resolves itself into an inquiry as to the intention of the beauties of nature. The agreeable facts of the external world have not only the general effect of adding a charm to existence, but they appeal to those susceptibilities which are particularly human, and it becomes necessary to separate the instinctive feelings which we possess in common with the rest of the creation, from that undefinable union of sensibility and reflexion which constitutes taste, and which, while it enlists the imagination as the auxiliary of beauty, is, in its highest influence, less allied to love than admiration. It is this last feeling which the noblest efforts of the arts aspire to kindle, which not only elevates the beautiful, but reduces ideas of fear and danger to the lofty sentiment of the sublime, which, as its objects become worthier, is the link between matter and mind, and which tends to ennoble sympathy and increase self-respect.

"With regard to the classification of the arts, those are generally considered the most worthy in which the mental labour employed and the mental pleasure produced are the greatest, and in which the manual labour or labour of any kind is least apparent. This test would justly place poetry first; but the criterion should not be incautiously applied: for in architecture, where human ingenuity is most apparent, and

even where the design is very simple, a powerful impression on the imagination may be excited from magnitude, proportion, or other causes. In such cases, however, it will still be evident, that we lose sight of the laborious means in the absorbing impression of the effect, and the art thus regains its dignity. It would be an invidious as well as a difficult task to assign the precise order in which painting, architecture, sculpture, and music, would follow poetry and its sister, eloquence; but it may be remarked, that the union of the arts is a hazardous experiment, and is often destructive of their effect. The drama itself, which unites poetry with many characteristics of the formative arts, and with music, is in constant danger of violating the first principle of style, viz. the consistency of its conventions, and in the more intimate union of poetry and music, the latter, though the inferior art, is too independent and too attractive to be a mere vehicle, and accordingly usurps the first place."

BETTY BOLAINÉ.

A SONG.

O Betty Bolainé! with the days that have been,
Thy figure grotesque, and the crowd it drew after,
Are gone from the streets where thy satins were seen,
Where thy coming along tickled grief into laughter.

The world was then bursting on me but a scion,
And all things were wonders for childhood to dwell on,
Now far from the city where thou wert a lion,
My fancy still teems with the forms it first fell on.

Old miserly maiden—so motly, so stately!
Thy issuing forth was the signal of muster,
We measured our footsteps by thy steps sedately,
And we stared and we dogg'd thee like lambs in a cluster.

Thy lace, and thy trimmings—thy mantle—thy skirt—
Thy high heels—thy buckles—thy bonnet and plume,
Long centuries ago perhaps moved in a court,
Or they fell from some spectre sent back to her tomb.

O Betty, thy gaze was on vacancy roll'd;
For the eye of thy mind was on robbers that roam—
Upon bolts—upon chests—upon silver and gold;
And 'twas only thy body that wandered from home.

Lone was thy passion, and strong was the flame.
It fed thee—it sheltered—it clad thee in armour,
To turn back the arrows of scorn as they came;
And it poured over thy pillow the song of the charmer.

Thro' the march of long years, on thy wall, on thy ceiling,
The sunbeam, the moonbeam, by turns took their sleep;
Say, O shade of Bolainé, did not spirits come stealing
Around thy lone couch, drawn by stillness so deep?

Didst thou pierce to the verge of a world that is hidden?
Did the air assume shape at thy mortal behest?
Didst thou pay back thy spirit in friendships forbidden
For life's thousand charities banished thy breast?

O Betty Bolainé! Though thy history sink,
Though thy wardrobe, unhonoured, be scattered like chaff;
With the proudest—the bravest thou still art a link,
Who couldst throw o'er thy shoulder the world and its laugh!

†
[Poor Betty, who has remained in our correspondent's memory since childhood, in the shape of a fantastic spectre in a faded fine dress, appears to have been an old maid. Probably the same imagination and the same imprisoned feelings, which made her become a spectacle and a miser, would have rendered her a natural and happy woman under different circumstances.—*Edit.*]

GOETHE.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

Dear Sir,

August 12th, 1834.

Allow me most sincerely to congratulate you upon the successful establishment of your *London Journal*, calculated as it is, in so eminent a degree, to further the object your writings have long shewn you to have at heart—the advancement of your fellow countrymen (and country women too) in knowledge and happiness. * * * [Our warm-hearted correspondent here expands into a strain of approbation, which the more delightful it is to us, the more difficult it becomes to repeat.] * * * Your papers on German literature—here you have opened a source inexhaustible indeed, and admirably you avail yourself of it—every lover of German literature must thank you for your remarks on the character of Goethe, so much talked of, and so little understood in this country; but on this subject, you must allow me a remark also. I agree with nearly all that you have said about him, and I particularly admire your candid avowal of your changing and dubious feeling; but I carry my admiration still further than you do (I allude to your qualifying remarks as to his political character and conduct, and yet my opinions on politics, as on many other matters, coincide, I believe, very much with yours, and, indeed, I am not indebted to you with respect to their formation): in the first place, I cannot remember anything in those works of Goethe, with which it is my good fortune to be acquainted, which shew that he was opposed to “the abstract theory of the advancement of society,” WITHOUT REFERENCE to the designs and plans of the revolutionists of his own day. Will you be kind enough to point out to me any passages which lead you to form this opinion? But if, as it appears to me, this political “inertia” of Goethe’s really had reference to the revolutionary plans which, during his time, were so rife in Germany, did he not pursue precisely that course which, under all the circumstances, was pre-eminently the best? Is it not the bane of almost all revolutionary movements that they are premature? that they are set in motion by a few active spirits long before the great bulk of the people are morally and mentally prepared for change? and can a mind of gigantic mould, like that of Goethe, be more nobly, more usefully employed, than in cultivating, morally and intellectually, the minds of his fellow countrymen? in raising the national character, in conferring upon his country the inestimable benefit of a great national literature (and Goethe, as the great model, the master spirit of his age, did scarcely less), and thus laying the surest and most lasting basis of a brilliant futurity? Had those richly endowed men, who exercised so powerful an influence upon the first French revolution, thus employed themselves, might not these still, notwithstanding all drawbacks, inestimable advantages, which are accruing and will accrue from that event, have been obtained, perhaps indeed at a period somewhat later, but at how much less dreadful a cost? When again we consider the actual condition of that little state, of which Goethe was the ornament, and remember the character of the rule of its excellent and truly magnanimous monarch, and how under that rule it was steadily advancing in the only path to true greatness, can we think, with patience, of political intrigue and violent revolution? If we cannot, what must Goethe have thought of them? And where shall we find nobler patriotism than that displayed by Goethe upon the memorable approach of the French, described, I think, by Baron Falk, and so vividly translated by Mrs Austin, in what you justly term her “delightful characteristics?”

Pardon, dear Mr Editor, the unreasonable length of this; but on such a subject it is difficult to stop, even though one’s thoughts should have neither novelty nor value to recommend them. There are several other points on which I wished to say a word to you, but pressing matters demand my attention, and thus your patience will be spared.

Believe me, dear sir, yours most respectfully,

E. E.

GOETHE AND LA FAYETTE.

Mr Editor,

In the 19th Number of your excellent Journal, speaking of Goethe and La Fayette, you say “there is no comparison between the powers of these two great men.” Goethe, undoubtedly, was a man of far greater literary attainments than La Fayette; but whose mind was the more pure and exalted—who did more for the great and glorious work of Universal Freedom? It is not the powers a man has, it is the use he turns them to. Goethe seems to have had no feeling towards the advancement of his native Germany from the abject state in which it was, and is, but sat himself down contentedly, without endeavouring to effect a change.

There is one excuse for his not endeavouring to effect a change. He was born and brought up in the old system, was the favourite of a Duke, and it was his interest to remain as he did.

But what can be more noble than the disinterested conduct of La Fayette, born in France, when he saw the glorious cause of Freedom required him; he went to America to render his valuable assistance to the heroic Americans? What could be more disinterested than this? Who could turn his powers to a better purpose?

We are sent into the world to benefit one another, to do the greatest good we can—and he who turns his powers to the best purpose is far superior to him who, having those powers, allows them to lie dormant. Goethe has done nothing towards the advancement of Freedom—La Fayette has done all he was able.

J. D., A CONSTANT READER.

August 16th, 1834.

[We give insertion to these two letters, in fairness, because we touched upon the politics of Goethe ourselves. But as we did it in no controversial spirit (such not being the object of our Journal) our correspondents, and others interested in the question, will not take it amiss, if we here close the discussion on the political part of Goethe’s character. We cannot refer at the moment to the proofs required by E. E. We took our impression from what appeared to us to be the whole tone of Goethe’s mind, whenever it touched on the subject. His friends in general, if we are not mistaken, have the same impression. But we never confounded an objection to violent revolutions with an objection to improvement. We only doubted how far Goethe would have approved any change connected with Governments. However, we must not re-open the subject ourselves. With regard to La Fayette, we certainly thought his head of a far inferior character to that of Goethe’s, though not so his heart, where the happiest wisdom lies. And the greatest intellects, in our opinion, do not rank at the very top of their species, any more than the means rank above the end. The instinctive wisdom of the heart can realize, while the all-mooting subtlety of the head is only doubting. It is a beautiful feature in the angelical hierarchy of the Jews, that the Seraphs rank first, and the Cherubs after; that is to say, Love before Knowledge.—Edit.]

TABLE TALK.

Modern German Nobleman.—We should change our notion of the German nobleman: that ancient, thirsty, thick-headed, sixteen-quartered Baron, who still hovers in our minds, never did exist in such perfection, and is now as extinct as our own Squire Western. His descendant is a man of culture, other aims, and other habits. We question whether there is an aristocracy in Europe, which, taken as a whole, both in a public and private capacity, more honours art and literature, and does more both in public and private to encourage them. Excluded from society! What, we would ask, was Wieland’s, Schiller’s, Herder’s, Johannes Müller’s society? Has not Goethe, by birth a Frankfurt burgher, been, since his twenty-sixth year, the companion not of nobles but of princes, and for half his life a minister of state? And is not this man, unrivalled in so many far deeper qualities, known also and felt to be unrivalled in nobleness of breeding and bearing; fit, not to learn of princes in this respect, but by the example of his daily life to teach them?—*Carlyle.*

MR. D’ISRAELI AND ALBERTUS MAGNUS.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

Hampstead, 22d Aug. 1834.

SIR,—I may as well begin by confessing that for the last one and twenty weeks, I have been longing to freight a sheet of note-paper with some of the secret produce of my little hermitage, and boldly to launch it into the dense sea of smoke beneath me, till it should be landed at your busy wharf, and garnered under your eye. I would have sent you a sonnet, but all the world has been smiling on you: a sonnet, but you are growing formidable to sonnetteers: a tale of true adventure, but I wished not only to be, but to seem true: at last my mind is made up, and I am going to send you a little indignation. I might find it in my heart to upbraid you with the overrunning extent of some of your selections, which provoked me whenever they curtail the pure flow of your own wit; but, Sir, it is against the nature of these extracts that I now more seriously protest. You have burned incense on the shrines of art, poetry, and truth, and believe me the *chiffonnier* which Mr D’Israeli has built for his fame to stand upon is unworthy of you. I take the first sentence of your last extract (L. J. p. 165) as a specimen. The name of Albertus Magnus was not *De Groot*, but he belonged to the Bolstadt family, and was born at Lavingen,* in Suabia, not in Holland as this bastard-Dutch appellation seems to imply. Albertus is never styled Grotius, nor was Hugo Grotius ever styled Magnus. In fact, the name *Groot* has nothing to do with the Philosopher of Cologne, and the word *Groot* has nothing to do with the idea of greatness, except in Low Dutch. That Albertus Magnus deserved his surname, those who have read “*Stella Clericorum*” know.† In that number I fear that Mr D’Israeli cannot be counted; but he might have known that Thomas Aquinas was the pupil, not the master, of this great man: it was Albert who first discovered the intellectual energies of the future Doctor, and who strengthened the early piety of the future Saint. Everybody knows that when the schoolfellows of the young Aquinas called him “the ox,” from his apparent stupidity, Albert replied that “he was an ox who would astonish the world with his bellowing.”

Your extract goes on to mention the “*Opus Magnus*” of Roger Bacon; but the title of that work is “*Opus Majus*,” in contra-distinction to the *Opus Minus*, and *Opus Tertium* of the same author. The two latter exist only in manuscript, the former was published a century ago by Dr Jebb: but they were all writings of solemn science, energetic freedom, and dignified truth, unmixed with the conceits which Mr d’Israeli dreams of: by the change of a letter (perhaps by a misprint), the name of a great work, which may be termed the first British Instauration, is converted into the barbarous denomination of a book of necromancy.

Yours very sincerely,
ICONOCLAST.

* Or Lawingen.
† The treatise “*De Secretis*” was written by Heinrich von Sachsen, one of Albert’s pupils.

[We are loth to admit controversial matters, and hard words into this our most peaceful journal, even though tempted by able correspondents; though, as Mr D’Israeli is not very tender himself in such matters, he might be prepared for a little rough handling, and possibly take a pleasure in it. We have thought it best, however, to omit a passage at the close of this letter, especially as the mistake in the preceding paragraph originated with the London Journal, and not with Mr D’Israeli; being, as our correspondent conjectured, an error of the press. In future, we have reason for believing, these errors will be much less numerous than we regret to say they have been. As to Mr D’Israeli’s book, we cannot but be thankful to a work which has furnished us so many extracts on subjects so curious; but we are conscious of having made both these, and extracts from other works, of late, somewhat too long; and mean to improve in that respect; as our present number, we trust, will testify.—Edit.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The verses from *Pinkney’s Green* next week.

We should be glad to hear, on other subjects, from MARK LEMON. Those of the two papers sent us do not happen to suit our journal. The articles are left for him at the publisher’s.

IMPENIS will not be forgotten. Nor *Les Deux Amis*. To judge from the ease, vivacity, and untiredness of the rhymes of our old acquaintance, Mr Wilson, of Hatton Garden, he ought to be one of the best dancers extant. We heartily wish success to his Ball, though we are unable to attend it.

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